

Iron County Register

BY E. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE FRENCH COOKING ROOM.

Some of its Points of Difference from the American Kitchen.

The French cooking room is found to be "sui generis," a delightfully convenient little affair, although the first impression its brick floor and conservative dimensions gives is of primitiveness. It is a ways small, that is, the average kitchen, and in the French apartment any nook answers for it. For French economy reckons time and space in its ratio, and it stands to reason that much useless time is spent in walking about a large room in search of materials or utensils. It was a case of this very thing which led a bright western woman, who had become reduced to doing her own work, to make her butler's pantry and gas stove answer the needs of a kitchen, since in that way she had everything ready to hand.

No matter how small the French kitchen, it always boasts of a generous range, with an artistic wall setting of blue and white tiling, corresponding with the like setting of the water pipes and sink. This tiling is not the least attractive peculiarity of the kitchen, forming, as it does, with the red bricks of the floor a fascinating color scheme. So in the beginning, even in the kitchen, you find the tone of color taken, these Latin nations are never without their love for which speaks from the blossoming plant in the window to the painted ashbarrel.

Despite the generous range, which has all sorts of devices and different places for burning wood, or coke, or coal, or nothing—for, when you will, you can employ the gas stove, which is fixture of the French kitchen—there is seldom a large boiler attachment, but in its stead a queer little copper boiler let down at one side of the oven is supposed to hold enough water to meet the needs of the average household in France. Hot water, as a consequence, is at a premium, which, perhaps, accounts for the indifference of the French to the luxuries of the bath. Even the friendly, hissing teakettle, that most appealingly cozy bit of kitchen furnishing, is a quantity unknown. Its place in the French kitchen is taken by a queer little tin pitcher, with a cover. These come in assorted sizes, and no matter how sizable or imposing the dimensions, they always seem to be make-shifts.

There is seldom a dipper; its use and abuse is not French; and there are no brooms. Brush, brooms and a sort of a broom made of tiny twigs, the kind used by the street sweepers, are to be found in France, but nothing along the practical lines of the article so familiar to the New World householder. The merits of the chopping-bowl have not found a place in the French cook's heart. A square board and a peculiar two-handled chopping knife, held in both hands when used, answering to the needs of that delectable dish, hash, or the savory ragouts and croquettes a la Francaise.

Such implements of kitchen warfare as the poker, the tongs, the dust pan of France are all strangely unfamiliar and decidedly primitive in appearance. So also are the baking dishes and saucers of unbaked clay, which, however, are most desirable on account of their cleanliness.

Most of the apartment kitchens and many of those in private homes are provided with an iron box attachment, built out under a window, and fitted about with wooden slats lined with very fine wire gauze, this answering every need in winter, and proving convenient even in summer, as it usually puts into a shaded corner.

The most characteristic note in French kitchen furnishings is the copper saucepan. It is omnipresent, and in well-appointed habitations you see rows of them, of all sizes, from the half pint up, hanging along the high wainscoting above or beside the range. The higher the status, the more of them these may be brought by the usually immaculate femme de menage, the more she seems to consider they stand in the light of a satisfactory reference, and from the fact, perhaps, that the French kitchen contains no closets, and at the best nothing but dressers, may be deduced a reason for the immaculate maid and the delightful suggestion of absolute cleanliness which pervades this apartment.—N. Y. Times.

SALMON IN ALASKA.

The Business of Canning the Fish a Mammoth Industry.

It may be a matter of astonishment to many people to know that more than one-half the salmon packed in the United States and nearly half the world's supply of canned salmon now comes from Alaska. The capital invested in the Alaska salmon fisheries is said to be more than \$3,000,000, and the value of a season's catch, not including the manufacturing cost, is estimated at \$2,000,000. Last year there were 22 canneries in operation, which packed 646,000 cases, and 24 salting establishments put on the markets 21,000 barrels of salted salmon.

This is obviously killing the goose that lays the golden egg. No reproduction of the salmon, marvelous though it may seem, could stand such a drain, especially when, as it appears from the researches and examinations of the experts of the national fish commission, most of the salmon are seized at the mouths of the river, thereby preventing their run up stream to the spawning-grounds, and effectually preventing their reproduction.

Alaska is so completely within the control of the government that all this can be stopped without the least difficulty, and an end should be put at once to the slaughter of salmon in this reckless and wasteful way. The Columbia and other rivers of the Pacific had been almost stripped of salmon before the development of the Alaskan salmon fishing, and now it seems likely that the same thing will happen in Alaska unless some check be placed on the salmon catchers and canners. Of course they will go on as long as they are permitted, for the business is a lucrative one in ordinary years, and has already made a great deal of money for those engaged in it, but all the same it must be regulated and checked, or before long the Alaska salmon will have gone the way the bison and the fur seal, and nature will not forgive such an infringement upon her rights and privileges.—San Francisco Chronicle.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"What a strange place!" she said, looking around.

"It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work."

"And from the same cause," said Holmes, "these are the traces of treasure-seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the ground looks like a gravelpit."

At that moment the door burst open, and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

"There is something amiss with Bartholomew!" he cried. "I am frightened! My nerves cannot stand it." He was, indeed, half-blubbering with fear, and his twitching, feeble face, peeping out from the great Astrakhan collar, had the helpless, appealing expression of a child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes, in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do!" pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving directions."

All he followed him into the housekeeper's room, which stood upon the left-hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down with a scared look and restless, picking fingers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

"God bless your sweet calm face!" she cried, with a hysterical sob. "It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day!"

Our companion patted her thin, work-worn hand, and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheeks.

"Master has looked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone; but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the keyhole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus, and must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that he had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared on the wall, and more shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoa-matting which served as a stair-carpet. He walked slowly from step to step, holding the lamp low, and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained behind with the frightened woman.

The light of the stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming back towards down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and polished bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Sherlock Holmes bent down to it, and instantly rose again with a sharp intaking of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than he ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole, and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me, and suspended as it were in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, and an unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with me. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins.

"This is terrible!" I said to Holmes.

"What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and, springing against it, he put all his weight upon it. Lock, it cracked, and the door did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass-stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test tubes and retorts. In the corners stood carboys of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a streak of dark-colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiar pungent tar-like odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling, large enough for a man to pass. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table, in a wooden arm-chair, the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder, and that ghastly, inert smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument, a brown, case-grained stick, with a stone head like a hammer, ridged with a coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note paper with some words scrawled upon it. Holmes glanced at it, and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read, with a thrill of horror: "The sign of the four."

"In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the doorway, the very picture of terror, wringing his hands and moaning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp, querulous cry.

"The treasure is gone!" he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure! There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it. I



HE WAS STIFF AND COLD.

was the last person who saw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down stairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead and the police will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear, oh, dear! I know that I shall go mad!"

He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice and drive down to the station to report the matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed in a half-stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

CHAPTER VI. SHERLOCK HOLMES GIVES A DEMONSTRATION.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete; but we must not err on the side of over-confidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple?" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor addressing to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your footprints may not complicate matters. Now to work. In the first place, how did these folks come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window? He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man was mounted by the side of the window a little last night. Here is the print of a mold upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson! This is really a very pretty demonstration."

I looked at the round, well-defined muddy disc, and said: "That is not a footmark."

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stamp. You see here on the sill is the boot mark, a heavy boot with a broad metal heel, and beside it is the mark of the timber too."

"It is the wooden-legged man," I said.

"Quite so. But there has been some one else—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good five feet from the ground, and the free where I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevice in the brick-work.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good, stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might swarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, snub it from the inside, and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point, it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood mark, especially toward the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hands."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally!" repeated Holmes, pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breathes fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country—though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he, then?" I reiterated.

"The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence, then, did he come?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He moved the steps, and, seizing a rather wither hand, he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way by six the other. The floor was formed by a single board, and the walls were of lath and plaster. So long as the nations of Europe can keep us waiting upon their pleasure they will make no change in their standard. Most of them feel that they cannot act without England, and England will cling tenaciously to the standard of the nations of Europe, and that the United States can force the nations of Europe to come to the bimetallic basis by undertaking free coinage. We believe that this is a sound and accurate statement of the United States will proceed with the bimetallic movement in Europe, and that the United States can force the nations of Europe to come to the bimetallic basis by undertaking free coinage. We believe that this is a sound and accurate statement of the United States will proceed with the bimetallic movement in Europe, and that the United States can force the nations of Europe to come to the bimetallic basis by undertaking free coinage.

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze my skin was cold with the thought that the floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done this horrible thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant, and he looked long at the footprints. "But the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foretell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to these footmarks?" I asked, eagerly.

"But there are some propositions that cannot be denied. Here is one: Every country that has adopted the single gold standard has for years been passing through a period of deep depression, marked by falling prices, social unrest, industrial disturbances, emigration, and so on. This is a condition that does not exist prior to 1873, but began immediately thereafter, and with occasional and temporary rallies has lasted to this day."

With the very time that the gold standard countries began to suffer from a profound business depression, the silver standard countries began a career of steady progress. Japan's growth and development had been within the past twenty years. India's great strides in manufacturing enterprises had been within the same time. Mexico has grown and prospered wonderfully within the past few years, and during the very time that we have been passing through our period of stagnation was making steady progress in the development of her great resources. The manufacturers of Europe are loudly complaining of the European competition of silver-using countries. The farmers of the United States are being crushed by the same foe. The silver countries for the first time are becoming dangerous rivals to the great nations of the world.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.



HE HELD DOWN THE LAMP TO THE FLOOR.

whipped out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his head eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bloodhound. He kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the crescent. You can see the outline of the crescent on the foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. I pack can track a trailled hound across a shore, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—But halloo! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonicus,' as the old writers called it, while conclusion would be irresistible to your mind."

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered—"some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. It was the only room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned towards the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

Both are needed. The only apparent obstacle in the advancing tide for silver that is sweeping the country is the frequently paraded prediction that good crops and high-priced cotton next fall will kill the so-called silver craze. It is well enough to put the gold advocates upon notice that the country can stand an era of bountiful harvests and millions of silver ton. Both are needed to put the people on their feet, once more—Meriwether (Ga.) Vindicator.

MAKE THE START.

At America Will Discard the Single Gold Standard Europe Will Not Be Slow to Follow.

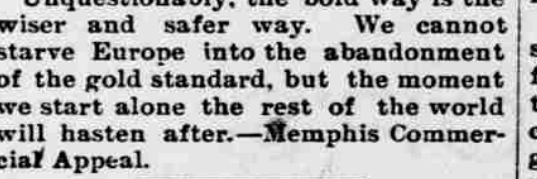
converts to bimetalism are thickening fast, and they bob up some times in rather unexpected places. One of the latest and most important is Mr. Frederick B. Couder, of New York. Mr. Couder is one of the leaders of the New York bar, is the legal representative of the French government in the United States, and is one of the lawyers representing the United States before the Behring sea commission. He has always been what is known as a "Cleveland democrat."

While Mr. Couder believes that the adoption of the bimetallic standard, singly or in conjunction with the gold standard to the United States, is a move that it would be ruin to Europe, that they cannot get along without it, but that we can get along without them if the worst comes to worst. He declares that it is a recognition of the fact that if there is an international agreement of the United States will proceed with the bimetallic movement in Europe, and that the United States can force the nations of Europe to come to the bimetallic basis by undertaking free coinage. We believe that this is a sound and accurate statement of the United States will proceed with the bimetallic movement in Europe, and that the United States can force the nations of Europe to come to the bimetallic basis by undertaking free coinage.

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A MISFIT.

The Speeches of Secretary Carlisle Contrasted with Those of Congressional Candidates.

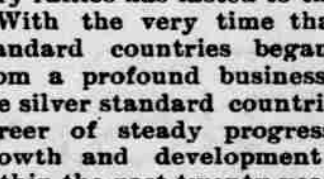
In view of the recent speeches of Secretary Carlisle advocating the gold standard, the reproduction of an extract from his famous speech in congress in 1878 may not be inappropriate at this time. In that speech Mr. Carlisle declared in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver and only qualified his opposition to free coinage by the statement that the owners of all billions, whether gold or silver, should pay the cost of mintage. In that celebrated speech in congress Mr. Carlisle said:

"I shall not now enter into an examination of the causes which have combined to depreciate the relative value of gold and to appreciate the value of gold since 1873, but I am one of those who believe that they are transient and temporary in their nature, and that when they have passed away or been removed by the separate or united action of the nation, the value of the precious metals will be re-established on a firmer foundation than ever. I know that the world's stock of the precious metals is none too large, and I see no reason to apprehend that it will ever become so. Mankind will, therefore, be content with the production of gold and silver coin shall keep pace with the annual increase of population, commerce and industry. According to my view of the subject the conspiracy which seems to have been formed here and in Europe to destroy, by legislation and otherwise, from the market the value of the metallic money of the world is the most gigantic crime of this or any other age."

"The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon mankind than any war, pestilence and famine that ever occurred in the history of the world. The absolute and instantaneous destruction of half the entire movable property of the world, including houses, ships, railroads and all other appliances for carrying on commerce, would be the result of such a scheme. At the moment, would not produce anything like the prolonged distress and disorganization of society that must inevitably result from the permanent annihilation of one-half of the metallic money of the world. With an ample currency, the necessities of the people will be speedily relieved, and the international improvement and repair losses of property, but no amount of industry or economy on the part of the people can create money. When the government creates it, or authorizes it, the people will acquire it, but he can do nothing more."

SELF-EVIDENT. Gold Standard Countries Depressed, While Silver Countries Are Prosperous. But there are some propositions that cannot be denied. Here is one: Every country that has adopted the single gold standard has for years been passing through a period of deep depression, marked by falling prices, social unrest, industrial disturbances, emigration, and so on. This is a condition that does not exist prior to 1873, but began immediately thereafter, and with occasional and temporary rallies has lasted to this day.

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HE HELD DOWN THE LAMP TO THE FLOOR.

whipped out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his head eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bloodhound. He kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the crescent. You can see the outline of the crescent on the foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. I pack can track a trailled hound across a shore, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—But halloo! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonicus,' as the old writers called it, while conclusion would be irresistible to your mind."

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered—"some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. It was the only room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned towards the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

Both are needed. The only apparent obstacle in the advancing tide for silver that is sweeping the country is the frequently paraded prediction that good crops and high-priced cotton next fall will kill the so-called silver craze. It is well enough to put the gold advocates upon notice that the country can stand an era of bountiful harvests and millions of silver ton. Both are needed to put the people on their feet, once more—Meriwether (Ga.) Vindicator.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Moonshine: Six egg whites; six tablespoonsful sugar; one cupful jelly. Beat the egg whites; then add the sugar; beat for half an hour and then beat in the jelly and set on ice. Serve in saucers with whipped cream flavored with vanilla.—Farm, Field and Fire-side.

—To nervous or irritable persons the sound of a door creaking is a great source of annoyance, and the remedies are so simple, rubbing a little soap or tallow and black-lead on the hinges or applying a little salad or sweet oil with a feather will prevent the annoyance.

—The housewife's special thanks are due the man who first noticed the "stiff air" of wire do not care for the "stiff air" of wire screens and that lavender oil mixed with equal quantities of water and sprinkled in the dining and sitting rooms will cause flies to depart in large numbers.

—Strawberry Cream: Mash one quart of strawberries with one cup of powdered sugar, and rub through a hair sieve. Dissolve one and one-half ounces of gelatin in one pint of sweet milk. Strain and add one pint of whipped cream and the berry juice. Pour in a wet mold and set on ice to form.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Croquettes: Chop pieces of cold beef, veal or chicken very fine. To one cupful of chopped meat add one cupful of spoonfuls of cracker crumbs, one teaspoonful of mustard, salt and one cupful of bread crumbs soaked in milk. Mold and roll in meal, then dip into one egg beaten up with one tablespoonful of milk and roll again in cracker crumbs. Drop into hot lard and fry until brown. Let them stand on a soft cloth a few minutes to drain.—Chicago Record.

—Cold Golden Buck: Boil six eggs hard, and after they have been in cold water for half an hour, peel and slice. Spread very thin slices of crustless bread with two cupfuls of dry, grated cheese, worked to a creamy paste, with a half a teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of salt, two spoonfuls of cream and two tablespoonsful of butter. Cut the pieces of bread in half, lay on top of the cheese mixture the sliced eggs, and put the two halves of the bread together, and mix with the mixture inside.—Home Queen.

GOWNS FOR THE GARDEN.

Neat and Stylish Costumes for Out-Door Parties.

Flowered organdies and dotted Swiss muslins are made up in Louis XVI. styles for garden-party gowns. One of these shows has large pink blossoms on a cream-white ground of soft lawn used as a transparent over pink taffeta. The full waist of gathered lawn is low in front, but is up the neck-line in the back. Some gowns confine the fullness at the belt, and in some models the front laps in surplus fashion. The special feature is